proclaimed everyone counted. Johnny knew. Nobody did - least of all himself.

So TRIXIE B. CAVELL typed a synopsis, the usual litany of stress and trauma, exactly as lived: nausea, vomitting, panic, prostration, etc., imploring the mandarins of Stealth and Despair to please stop doping long enough to read it because this fag was beginning to annoy her pissing and shitting all over her office terrified he was going to have to live in one of their Model Suites, the top bunk over another faggot even older and with a worse case of gas and not just by the way, while they were at it, would one of them PLEASE remember to pick up another case of that WONDERFUL Dom Perinjon like they brought last weekend when they all stripped naked at $CAMH UnMasked and screwed on the dissecting table watching client snuff movies to the sound of secretly recorded deviant case histories.

That should do the trick.

Unfortunately the Medical Production Unit had just got in an especially potent crack shipment giving them better things to do than review Johnny's Oscar Nomination, but they remembered the champagne.

She faxed the screenplay. She asked Johnny to sign the diet form, and joked that with his ACTRA card he shouldn't have forgotten THAT.

After he left Johnny noticed that a rather more important form, another of the documents she'd faxed, also hadn't been signed. She'd totally missed it! The ABATTOIR was already in lock-down mode, but an usher readmitted him. A big blond assistant-producer tackled him at the reception desk, and commanded him to WAIT RIGHT THERE while she got TRIXIE. He could tell. Snow White wanted to call the cops. They ALL did!

TRIXIE B. CAVELL set up an appointment with Metro Goldwyn at the GRINDHOUSE, a big Studio Boss. She described him in glowing terms. He was a lovely man, a dear man. She sounded just like Valerie Pringle describing David Goldbloom. Johnny assumed they were dating. He didn't want to see the kids. What if BRAIN DISEASE really was hereditary?

Then TRIXIE and Johnny got into a totally pointless argument about popular producers - which is what he considered all the so-called auteurs at the GRINDHOUSE really were - meaning, they didn't really give a FUCK about individuals at all, certainly not about Johnny, they merely processed an abstract population for the CIRCUIT - and made a lot of money doing so, many of them well over a $100,000 - working for pauper fuck-ups like Johnny? Like HELL they were!

However, TRIXIE B. CAVELL was in a hurry, because she had to do another screening in just a few minutes. She was dressed like Maila Nurmi for FRIGHT NIGHT. A long slinky black thing made out of shark skin with tentacles dangling from the sleeves. Obviously not for - THE CLIENTS - most of whom associated such drag with zombies and émigré crack-whores.

Screenings were little medical set-pieces they put on at the GRINDHOUSE for the benefit of Film School students. There was an ear-cleaning number at the end of which TRIXIE B. CAVELL exclaimed VOILA while brandishing a chamber pot full of little wax turds that were supposed to have been flushed out of a happy client's ears.

I can HEAR now!

There was even one about HOW TO WEAR A SAFE, which might have been awkward for TRIXIE, but fortunately Johnny never saw it. They demonstrated nothing that ever really happened anyway.